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# Red



👁 15 ✓ 1 ★ 3

## Chapter 1 by lightningstrikesannah (I'm back!)

Your character is caught shoplifting. The shop owner says that she won't call the police in exchange for a personal favor....

I pushed open the heavy door, and a bell sounded as I walked into the nail salon. A receptionist looked up at me and said, "You have to wait 45 minutes for nails, we are busy today."

I frowned. Was it really worth it? They were the best nail salon in town. I sat down in a hard plastic chair when I saw a row of dark red nail polishes sitting on a rack on the wall next to me. I quickly took a glance around, and no one seemed to be paying attention. I grabbed a small bottle and put it in my pocket. I got up from the chair, and walked out the door.

"Hey! Where are you going?" the receptionist called after me.

"I decided I don't need to get my nails done."

"Or you stole something. Get in here!"

I knew I had to go back into the store, so I turned and reentered the small building.

## Chapter 2 by Florenceia



"45 minutes for nails, psh, I have things to do," I said to the suspicious women. "Plus, if I wanted to steal something why would I have twenty bucks in my pocket." I said pulling out the bill I had stashed in my back pocket. I kept my face leveled and cool trying not to show the anxiety and

fear that twirled up my insides like spaghetti. Mostly convinced the receptionist let me leave.

I walked out letting out the breath I'd been holding. My fingers clutched the shiny new bottle of nail polish the color of blood. I was walking down the street when I felt a hand on my shoulder.

"I saw what you did," a voice whispered in my ear. "Do me a favor and no one will know."

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I slowly turned around shaking slightly and said "I have no idea what your talking about." With lightning speed the women, who in the future I would learn is the owner of the nail salon, reached into my pocket and grabbed the bottle. A single thought floated through my mind, RUN. I shot out down the street, rounded a corner, and skidded into an empty ally way. Panting I sat down on the floor, head bowed. Had the lady followed me?  
"Your pretty fast kid," a voice rings out. "But no one is faster than me."

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